46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dear Nicolet.

Could you possibly come
on Monday lunch instead
of Saturday. Nessa has
got Snow up on Saturday,
& will probably be out
with her. But if
Monday won't do, stick to
Saturday. Let me know,
& I will write to Miss Noel.
Here is the Pater: wh. I took up to
read, & forgot.

Yrs
VW

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dear Violet.

I have heard from Cook: the whole thing with Constantinople works out at £37. 5: first class. I think for stop as long as you like at places. I will come down on Friday, with great joy. by the same train; only I must have before dinner, as we have people here, & the Friday Club.

The Lucker arrives this

afternoon: I am talked miserably
till then hour - 10.45.

By the way, don't say
anything about Thoby's
sale of the MSS. or his
prices. It is rather a
secret, I think.

NYPL

Yours

We shall stay here
now all the time, so
write.

Grand Hotel
Venice.

4th April.

Dear Violet.

This is the first possible chance
of writing a letter. Think of this —
when we arrived at midnight on
Saturday we were told there were no
rooms here or anywhere in Venice!
Finally we got three very dingy
little rooms — sleeping together — in a
dirty little place off the Piazza S. Mark
We spent Sunday walking the streets —
went to your rooms — ask the rooms we
would you lend the
address of the rooms
in Florence. We think
of staying here
another week.
G. Vivian is
anxious to
see Florence
too — but
after that our plans
are vague.

Love
Ds Mac Gregor to Ds Mac Gregor
Would you send the
address of the rooms
in Florence. We think
staying here
another week
as Adrian is
anxious to
see Florence
too - but
Grand Hotel after that our plans
Venice are vague.
4th April.

My Victor.

This is the first favorable chance
of writing a letter. Think of this -
when we arrived at midnight a
Saturday we were told there were no
rooms for us in any hotel in Venice!
Finally we got three very dingy
little rooms - keeping hope that in
Dirty hotel Nice Pension Schlank
We spent Sunday walking the streets
went to see rooms - ah the rooms we

Love for and the
children at the rooms
adjoin. Playing from
P.S. Florence - the Black
another use to
Grand Hotel
Venice.
4th April.

My Violet,

This is the first morning chance
of writing a letter. Thank or their -
when we arrived at midnight on
Saturday we were told there were no
rooms for us anywhere in Venice!
Finally we got three very dingy
little rooms - keeping hope that -
dirty little place. With the
Piazza S. Mark
4 feet Sunday walking the streets -
went to sleep - at the rooms we

We shall stay here
how all the time, so
write.

had ever heard of - but all were full -
& we had to go back for another
night. Today we have got 3 rooms
here - Nesta & I sleeping together:
it is extravagant but it cant be helped.
It was we were fools not to settle
beforehand. However it dont
much matter. we are quite happy looking
about & looking at things. There
never was such an amazing &
beautiful place. Venice is loved to death,
& very crowy, & makes us take gondolas
& doesn't like Exploring back streets
at all. Thoby & Adrian are
rampant with excitement. A. wants
to settle here for ever. They go about

shouting with laughter, & trying to speak
Italian. We have a room low right
at the top, just at the side of the
Grand Canal: beneath all the gondolas are
moored, & the gondoliers make such a
noise I can't think coherently. It
was the strangest dream to step out
into our Gondola after those two days
of rain. But I can't be bothered
to write about it! here sit
scribbling at the same table. It is
rather cold today: yesterday was divine:
only the place is crowded. We
have had with the Humphry Wards
who, happily, have disappeared. It was
an exciting journey, though it seemed
endless — There was a snow storm on the
St Gotthard: we came down into brilliant
sun there, & the lakes were pure blue.
The mountains had snow all over them.

But they like a Judo book? I wish we knew Italian. It is stupid to have to talk broken English & French - & say, we get cheated everywhere. But they are a delightful people. & we - my family at least - are rapidly approaching their state of mind - general benevolence. I wish you would come out as soon as ever you can. I don't think Florence will come up to this. I can't believe it is a real place yet - & I wander about open mouthed. We have had to go to so many rooms that we haven't done any sightseeing, except such as comes in every street. We walked all down the Schiavoni last night - when the buildings looked cut out of marble, & a great gondola hung with coloured lamps floated by. But I can't find words yet. Gerald probably sees on Thursday & Friday. I think he will be glad to get back to Monte Carlo. Come as soon as you can. Yr AS.

NYPL

prepare, but
the fairy no
opinion & her
brain. I would
take mine change
at this moment.
I can write,
and I want to,
as I have
forgotten everything.
Keep well.
Both Nicey
will never forget
all [illegible] for
them.

Yr Violet

2 rue d'Orsay Paris
4 May 1904

I discovered a letter written to Ga. but not
sent. It was in my pocket all the time
when it should have been sending shocks
& thrills through a maiden bosom in Hertfordshire.
We have had Beatrice. She has
flashed across us, & disappeared, leaving
us rather sighing. She stayed exactly two
days in which she managed many more lights
than Ga ever did, & preached like the valiant
old Heathen she is. She is as
red & tough as a very fine apple; her
face is positively mascular, with
character which seems to have stiffened them.
We took her to dine with Beth last
night & a real Bohemian party, after her
heart. Kelly the painter was there
& we stayed talking of Art Sculpture &
Music till 11-30. This was all in
the Common Café, while we smoked
Kelly
half a dozen cigarettes a piece.

pregnant, but
the fairy no
opinion of her
being. I would
ask mine change
at this moment.
I can't write,
word I want to,
as I have
forgotten everything.
Keep well.
Both Nicky
will never forget
all for Di for
them.

Love Tony

4 Dec 1904

Dear Violet

Paris

I discovered a letter written to Gaston, but not
sent. It was in my pocket all the time
when it should have been sending shocks
& thrills through a maiden bosom in Hertfordshire.
We have had our Beatrice. She has
flashed across us, & disappeared, leaving
us rather sighing. She stayed exactly two
days, in which she managed many more lights
than Gaston ever did, & preached like the valiant
old Heathen she is. She is as
red & tough as a very fine apple; her
face is positively mascular, with
character which seems to have stiffened thus.
We took her to dine with Beck last
night, a real Bohemian party, after her
heart. — Kelly the painter was there
& we stayed talking of Art Sculpture &
Music till 11-30. This was all in
the Common Café, while we smoked
half a dozen cigarettes a piece.

Kelly

is an enthusiast to Beatrice seeing this contradicted him. She expounded theories on Bach & Wagner which were, I know, mad at that moment. He actually shook his fist at her across the table, & at one moment I held her down — a stormy scene. She left early this morning; to dine with some Cromer relations. She had originally meant to stay 6 weeks with us: I can't say, though I love her, that I think 6 weeks would have been successful. Now we go & see Rodin's studio tomorrow morning, with Bell & Kelly — & that is our last expedition. Oh Lord, how crazy I have been, how dull, how tempersome, — & am still. You had much to stand: I wish I could repay all the bad times with good times. There should be some system of repayment in this world. You believe in a next, I know, for that purpose. Oh my Violet if you could only find me a great solid bit of work to do when I get back that will make me forget my own stupidity I should be so grateful. I must work. We leave early on Monday. When will you come? Cozy says that Katherine works hard, with a little

NYPL

July

My Violet

Natta said you wouldn't mind coming. I don't know how to write to you now, but if you didn't hate it too much I should like to see you I haven't done a thing you told me to.

~~Lots~~.

Yr loving

AS.